The Iconoclast

Aaron J Clarke

© 2025 Aaron J Clarke (licensed under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0)

Acknowledgements

All of my literary works receive support from Australian taxpayers,
to whom I am eternally grateful.
Also, I wish to express my deepest gratitude to *Microsoft Copilot*
for its editorial assistance in bringing this work of fiction to life.

Please note that the section highlighted in red is entirely
a stream of consciousness from the author, Aaron J Clarke.

AARON J. CLARKE grew up in North Queensland, attending Bowen State High School and James Cook University, where he was awarded a BA (Hons) II A in English Literature. In 2004, Jacobyte Books published his first novella, *Epiphany of Life*. Aaron is an avid reader of nineteenth-century literature and hopes to write a French novel someday. Aaron's interests are varied and range from classical music to molecular biology. In 2004, the 'Journal of Young Investigators' published his paper on Schizophrenia, an illness from which he personally suffers.

The Iconoclast[1]

Wednesday, 13 July, 2101

Occasionally, the Reaper[2] would refrain from taking those who caught his attention, granting them a chance to make amends before severing their ties to time. Adam had survived, but now that his comrade Rylan was missing, a sense of apprehension tightened around Adam's throat. He couldn't utter the dreaded words. 'Is he dead?' Above him, missiles burst like fiery flowers, illuminating the dark sky with their bright phosphorus glow. The fetid odour of decay lingered in the air as Adam crawled towards the trenches, hoping Rylan might be awaiting him.

Yet in his heart, he deceived himself, as Rylan was among the first to charge the enemy outpost and was possibly the first to be cut down by their surveillance drone. Regardless, Adam indulged this intangible dream, for it would provide him solace when reality was too harsh in the years to come. Ahead lay the silhouette of a man ensnared in barbed wire, his legs frozen in the attempt to break free. Another volley of missiles whirled overhead, their glow reflected in

[1] According to one definition, the Oxford English Dictionary (OED) defines iconoclast as "a person who attacks a cherished belief or respected institution."
[2] Death

Rylan's cloudy eyes, bereft of the vitality that had enamoured Adam when he first gazed into them years earlier.

****

A decade receded like the morning tide, revealing an autumn day—more precisely, 2:30 p.m. on Thursday, April 10, 2092— where, in the intolerable glare, the five-metre-high sea wall encircling Townsville came into view: polymer-reinforced, sensor-lined, and adjusting its permeability in response to the ocean's rhythms.

Transformed by the floods of the mid-forties, Townsville rose into a tiered architectural reef, an urban citadel lifted above the tide. Vertical gardens flourished between heat-repellent glass façades, while algae-powered trams glided along elevated platforms.

In front of the Douglas Hills lay the university, which, earlier that century, was considered a centre of educational excellence but was now reduced to mediocrity. Nonetheless, it welcomed undergraduate student Adam, whose academic acumen, not to mention money, was appreciated by the indebted institution.

Despite that, the university held familial significance—one of Adam's ancestors had studied there and left a lasting legacy in literature. Curious to learn more about the ancestor he was named after, Adam entered the Brutalist-style library and climbed the central stairwell to the top floor, where dusty shelves held mouldering books. Among the volumes dedicated to Australian literature were twenty leather-bound books, on whose spines were imprinted in gold lettering: Adam Carlson.

As he thumbed his way through a lofty book, his gaze was transfixed by a passage on whose page was written:

Years of war, once believed to be confined to the first half of the century, now threaten the world. The previous global conflict was driven by ideological zealotry, where opposing factions vied over manipulating the impoverished masses. Unlike past class struggles, these competing groups served the ruling elite's right-wing or left-wing interests. What mattered was the people's blind obedience to their power, regardless of how the interests of the powerful deprived them of essential resources for living.

The young scholar was aware of these historical details, but seeing them on the yellowing page only reinforced his suspicions that the world was again devolving into conflict. Adam feared the loathsome word 'war', but people, like most animals, are predictable. No matter the century in which people were or will be born, they are governed by identical needs. Those visceral desires (he was ashamed to admit) ruled the young man, and what they could be was a yearning for connection, which had eluded him all his life. Yet, in a queer[3] way, Adam felt connected to his ancestral namesake, whose unorthodox life attracted admiration and admonishment.

'Do I have the courage to live as he had done?' asked Adam, placing the book on the shelf when he was confronted by green eyes peering from the other side. He moved a few books aside to get a better look at the stranger. From this proximity, he observed a young man with a pale face, a straight, narrow nose, and ringlets of strawberry blonde hair. 'Who are you?'

'Rylan.' Through the opening, they shook hands. 'Most people just download books straight into their minds these days—hardly anyone reads the old-fashioned way. Was that book any good?'

'I'm probably biased—the author's family—but I'd say yes.' Adam gestured quickly, inviting him closer. 'See for yourself.' When Rylan appeared from behind the bookshelf, he handed Rylan a book. 'Ever heard of *Epiphany of Life*?' He shook his head. 'The person I'm named after wrote it over ninety years ago.'

[3] Queer in this context means both "strange" and "homosexual".

‘Wow, that’s amazing.’ He paused, his eyes lingering on the title page. ‘I never imagined meeting one of Adam Carlson’s descendants.’ As Rylan flipped through the tome, his gaze shifted from the pages to Adam and back again, the fan of wrinkles at the corners of his eyes revealing a quiet reverence. He closed the book, his fingers tapping a gentle tempo on the cover before asking, ‘Hey Adam, would you like to grab lunch if you’re free?’

‘Sounds great.’

Chatting incessantly about this and that, they descended the stairs into the lush green spilling from the library’s entrance. They followed the covered walkway toward the glass-and-concrete science building, beneath which hung the faded cafeteria sign. As they opened the door, a warm, savoury wave of toasted sesame, sizzling garlic, and soy-glazed tofu overwhelmed their senses, causing their stomachs to rumble with eager anticipation.

Years later, those same scents still affected Adam, carrying him on a tide of nostalgia back to that golden autumn afternoon when his heart entwined with Rylan’s—before the war tore them irretrievably apart, leaving him hollow and angry.

Despite everything, they cherished their lunch—aware that the future, like life itself, was unfathomable. Yet rather than wrestle with that ambiguity, they surrendered to the present: Rylan lightly traced circles on his companion’s hand and, with a coquettish lilt, asked, ‘What do you say we sneak off to my dorm?’

‘Took you long enough,’ Adam replied, his excitement rising with every word— his cheeks flushed deep red, bold as a tomato.

After entering the dorm room, he took off Adam’s shirt and tossed it onto a nearby chair, noting the blonde fan of pubic hair below Adam’s navel. Excited, Adam unbuttoned the other man’s shorts and saw instantly that Rylan had a big, thick cock. Rylan removed the rest of Adam’s clothes, leading him to the bed, where they fell back onto its cushioned mattress. He kissed him just below the navel, then slipped a finger inside. Startled, Adam winced, but Rylan said

reassuringly, ‘There’s nothing to fear….’ Kissing the nape of his neck. ‘Relax… Relax….’ When Rylan entered him, Adam clenched his mouth, struggling to break free, but after a while, the pain decreased, transforming into a strange, satisfying sensation. Their bodies moved back and forth in perfect harmony with each other. Their union, though brief, forged a connection so strong that the euphoric teen lovers believed not even death could sever it.

****

13 July 2101

Without warning, Adam was struck by the hot lead of a stray bullet, causing him to collapse in front of the idol he venerated, Rylan, whose lifeless form seemed to beckon him to join him in eternal slumber. Once again, the Reaper spared Adam, as a paramedic android lifted him with its organometallic hands and carried him back into the trench where the injured man lost consciousness.

Weeks later, the veil of unconsciousness lifted. His eyes fluttered open to the sight of an IV drip feeding into his arm, bandages tight around his head, and the steady beep of a life support machine echoing through the room. He was angry for having survived and angry at Rylan for having volunteered to go first, knowing full well that it spelled certain doom. Despite the raging tempest outside the hospital, Adam remained grateful—grateful for nine years with Rylan, for having known him. Adam feared that his love for the beloved would be forgotten, as his memory was consumed by the piranhas of amnesia, leaving behind a chaotic jumble.

In the following weeks, Adam was discharged from the hospital to convalesce at home. Still, even this familiar environment was hidden under a layer of foreignness that could not be swept away with the brush of mental acuity.

No matter how hard he tried, Rylan's face remained obscured; each attempt to remember his beloved became more difficult, and in time, Rylan metamorphosed into a faceless mass. Once the lover had forgotten the memory of the loved one, they truly ceased to exist, becoming a name etched on a tomb devoid of any connection to the world.

Time pressed upon Adam day after day, the cycle unbroken—a slow march of banality. As the war raged on, he felt guilty for not caring what happened in the world, as his heart was a desiccated husk. Regardless, Adam sank in the swamp of self-pity, chiding himself for all his failures and those of the world. He thought humanity had learnt its lesson during the Cleansing Wars of the 2060s, when more than half of the population was killed by bioweapons targeting different ethnic groups. *Why should I care what they do next? Perhaps the world would be a better place without the warring ape descendants?* Regardless, Adam was still enamoured by their beauty, the men in particular. With nothing to lose, he closed his eyes, connecting to his Neural Adaptive Computer companion, Nova, where they became one…. In that altered state, Adam Nova would recreate their ideal templates of male perfection, where they would traverse the universe in search of the original Adam Carlson, who lived from the late twentieth century to the mid twenty-first century.

****

26 September 1983

On 26 September 1983, while Australia celebrated a monumental sporting triumph—becoming the first nation to wrest the America's Cup from the United States—something far more consequential was unfolding on the other side of the globe.

That same day, the world unknowingly teetered on the brink of nuclear war. The Soviet Air Defence Forces detected what appeared to be an incoming American intercontinental ballistic missile. In reality, it was a false alarm—a computer malfunction. However, in the tense climate of the Cold War, such a signal could have triggered a catastrophic retaliation.

Fortunately, duty officer Stanislav Petrov chose not to trust the system unquestioningly. He judged the alert as false and refused to escalate the situation. His calm and reasoned decision likely prevented a full-scale nuclear exchange, sparing billions of lives.

Ironically, the supposed missile was a human-sized silver mass criss-crossing the globe in search of the ten-year-old Adam Carlson. After intercepting billions of telephone calls, it located the target who used a public telephone to call his mother from Forest Beach, Queensland.

'Some kids at school are mean, Mum,' he mumbled, his voice shaky as he blinked back tears. 'I don't get it... Why do they always pick on me?'

'Since the divorce, I just can't afford to care for you and your sisters,' she said softly. 'And... you were the one who chose to live with your dad.' She paused, her voice trembling as she tried to conceal the sadness in her eyes. 'Please, Adam—for me—just hang in there, okay?'

'Yes, Mum.'

After shedding a few tears, he hung up and walked back to his rented flat, unaware that a silver object hovered three hundred metres above, watching with intense interest. From this distance, it observed him entering a creamy yellow flat, whose veranda was adorned with magenta bougainvillea. On the other side lay an open field of overgrown tall grass, whose prickles caused pain to those like Adam who walked barefoot. The sky transitioned from orange to purple before surrendering to black with specks of starlight. A few hours passed before the flat's neon glow gave way to darkness, allowing the shapeless mass to descend from the sky beyond the bedroom window overlooking the field. Next, it assumed the form of a medium-built man and drifted through the wall, where it found Adam asleep—unaware of the ethereal presence watching him. The child's bedroom was quintessentially 1983: a space shuttle bedspread, scattered *Star Wars* figurines, and a parade of blue Smurfs along the windowsill. Yet beside the bed stood a small plastic statue of the Virgin Mary, quietly revealing a thread of deep reverence amid the pop culture clutter.

Without warning, the child's eyes jerked open, causing the man to say reassuringly, 'Don't be afraid, Adam. I'm not here to hurt you.'

'Who are you?'

'For now, it's best you don't know. Others like me will come in the years ahead—until eventually, we will take you from this world.' He extended his hand, pressing it gently to Adam's forehead. The child fell instantly into a coma—silent, still. Then, with calculated precision, the man transferred a DNA-based computer program into his body. He leaned forward, whispering in his ear, 'Learn all that is learnable.' He kissed the sleeping child's cheek, then crossed to the far side of the room. A moment later, he drifted through the wall, shed his disguise, and soared upward into the night sky, resuming his original form as he vanished among the stars.

‘Was I dreaming?’ Adam wondered the next morning, as sunlight spilled through his bedroom window, illuminating the room with its aureole purity. His eyes swept across the room, alert for any trace of the preternatural visitation. Nothing seemed amiss—until his gaze settled on the windowsill. The blue Smurfs he’d spent months arranging with ritualistic care were no longer in their sacred order. Papa Smurf, the rightful leader, had been relegated to the end. And in his place, absurdly, stood Nobody Smurf. His hand hesitated as he considered whether to rearrange the items back to their original order. The moment Adam touched the lowly Nobody Smurf, a vision surged through his mind. A young man appeared—pale-faced, with a straight, narrow nose and curls of strawberry-blonde hair. His lips mouthed the words: ‘Don’t, Adam!’ His unblinking green eyes, dulled by a milky glaze, seemed trapped mid-thought, as though time had abandoned them. ‘Not even for me can you change the past or future.’ Then the mercurial vision dissolved to blackness, leaving Adam in a frenzy of excitement, a feeling he (until then) had never experienced, but it also instilled in his mind an obsessive need to recreate mentally the dream man. Yet try as he might, Adam could not conjure his memory of masculine perfection, leaving him in an apoplectic state, where his only option was to project psychically those negative emotions onto the world.

****

Monday, April 13, 1992

Tears welled in his eyes as Adam watched the live TV broadcast of Handel’s *Messiah*, for it marked the progression of 250 years from the enlightenment of the 18th century to the capitalist consumerist-based world of

1992. The music's sublimity both comforted and overwhelmed him with its pathos, yet it also stimulated a deep longing for the beloved who had ensnared him years earlier. Although Adam was not a paragon of virtue[4], he tried to be good, but he had been raised on the sterile soil of intolerance, cruelty, and selfishness. However, the moment the alluring Adonis arrived at Western Halls (a residential college at James Cook University), Adam was enamoured to the point he supplicated himself before the altar of Eros[5], in whose worship he hoped to obtain the coveted youth. The youth (whom he later discovered after lengthy questioning of his college peers) was called Rylan Greene, and he, like Adam, studied chemistry. The pangs of love were so intense for Adam that he tried to dissimulate them by wearing the mask of indifference, yet, in the sanctuary of his dorm room, he entertained fantasies of holding him in his arms and covering him with warm, wet kisses. So deep was this profound longing that Adam would rather die than experience these emotions, for they were like a black hole sucking all his hopes and dreams, where they were crushed to a singular point from which he could never escape. To alleviate these feelings, Adam found comfort in Mozart's *Requiem*[6], whose Latin lyrics both drained and energised the nineteen-year-old man.

Regardless, he observed from afar the amorous apparition who seemed to be beyond his comprehension; all that mattered was for Adam to be in his presence, imagining the idol in his arms where their hearts would beat as one. Yet Adam feared he might founder in the stream of consciousness, unable to return to reality, for fantasy fanned his erotic yearnings, where he was lost in the mental maze from which he could never escape.

[4] A paragon of virtue is someone who represents moral integrity.
[5] Ancient Greek god of love and sex.
[6] A religious mass for the dead.

As the year progressed, Adam watched him, trying not to betray his feelings; however, in the stillness of the night, he crept like a panther to Rylan's room, slipping a love letter under his door as the coward that Adam was could never utter, 'I love you, Rylan.' Then the day that Adam dreaded had happened, the end of the academic year, when all the students would go their separate ways, only to return the following year. However, to Adam's chagrin, the beloved would never return, causing the love-sick man to dull the anguish with the anodyne of alcohol. In a drunken stupor, Adam divulged his *secret amour* to an unknown man, confessing his undying adoration for Rylan, who, in 1993, studied chemistry at the University of Queensland.

Weeks later, Adam was given Rylan's home number in Beenleigh. That same night, he crept to the Telecom payphone beside the vending machine, dimly bathed in the flicker of a faulty neon tube at the student café on the western campus. Adam lifted the handset off its hook, inserted the phonecard into the slot, and dialled the number with a trembling hand. A moment later, he heard a woman say, 'Hello.'

Adam's throat tightened. 'May I speak to Rylan?' His heart raced with excitement and fear.

'Rylan, there's… someone asking to talk to you.'

In that intolerable interlude, waiting for the beloved to answer his call, Adam's mind raced with endless possibilities: either Rylan would reciprocate his protestation of love or, far worse to Adam's mental well-being, reject him. His heart was racing, awaiting Rylan's verdict. Time seemed to slow down, the delay unbearable for the love-sick youth. Then a voice at the other end of the phone said, 'Hello.'

‘You probably don’t remember me.’ His voice was a quiver of nervousness. ‘My name is Adam Carlson.’

‘That doesn’t ring a bell.’

‘Last year you lived in Western Halls.’

‘Yeah, so what?’

‘I was the one who wrote to you. I was the one who sent you those anonymous letters. Please don’t be angry.’ Adam paused, trying to contain his emotions, but unfortunately, they burst forth in a wave of romantic zeal. ‘I will love you till the end of the universe. I will love none other than you, Rylan.’

The protracted silence on the other end of the phone was like daggers to Adam’s heart.

‘I don’t want to be fucked up the arse.’

Misconstruing what he said, Adam hung up and drifted towards the concrete tables and benches, where he wept immeasurable tears. Even mentally invoking this scene after a considerable length of time still had the power to hurt him. Regardless, Adam had to pull himself together, but as fate would have it, this event, among others, would cause his descent into madness.

‘Oh, mighty Eros, give Rylan back to me,’ said Adam in a primordial cry of despair.

Never had he wanted the beloved as he did that night. Unbeknownst to him, Adam had invited a malevolent force who appeared as the perfect exemplar of

Rylan, as if created from the template of male perfection.[7] His heart slowed, and his breath quickened with excitement. He removed his clothes, and, in a somnambulant trance, he followed the incarnation of all that he ever desired.

'Come to me, Adam.' His gaze overpowered the innocent lamb, causing Adam to recline on a concrete table. 'Kiss me.' Like his biblical namesake, the moment Adam sampled his lips, the sin of overt sexuality enveloped him. Rather than warming his heart, it did the opposite; for that reason, he transformed into the Whore of Babylon, whose sexual desire could never be satiated. The only way to break this ethereal enchantment was to find true love again.

As the year progressed, Adam devolved into a degenerate, drinking and having casual sex, all of which left him unfilled, wanting to feel the warm bare body of a man against his and to cradle his sex in his warm hands. As a result of his rampant sexuality, Adam failed several university subjects, but he did not care, for he had sampled from the tree that God forbade man to eat from. Then he heard the alluring voice of Rylan whispering sweet nothings, promising to be with him till the end of the universe. No matter where he turned, the omnipresent voice trailed behind, never giving him a moment's rest.

'To hell with the world,' said Adam, whose lifeless eyes were fixed skyward.

He was a spectacular failure, perhaps the greatest in recorded history. He had failed as much in life as he had in death, for he had visited (in 1989 and the upcoming year of 1997) the unknown country[8] which Shakespeare had talked about. Adam found peace and serenity in Morpheus's realm, for he was not

[7] Alluding to Plato's concept of the ideal chair. For instance, while no flawless chair exists in reality, there is a transcendent Form of "chairness" that embodies the essence of the perfect chair. This Form is not a tangible object, but an eternal, immutable concept residing in a realm beyond sensory experience.
[8] Alludes to Hamlet's soliloquy "to be or not to be" in which he talks about the unknown country, that is to say, death, from which no one returns.

subject, as in waking life, to the inconstant flicker of the gaslight, for in that flame he questioned his sanity.[9] Everything came to a head as his queer[10], abnormal behaviour invited speculation by his college peers that Maniae, the spirit of madness, possessed Adam. Love and lust for Rylan had driven the twenty-year-old Adam insane, so he could not distinguish fact from fiction. *But was he mad? Or, more disturbing, was he manipulated by Machiavellian forces, trying to suppress the impending wars of the twenty-first century? He honestly did not know.* Like Cassandra[11], no one in Townsville believed Adam's warnings because he was tarred and feathered with paranoid schizophrenia. So if he were to jump up from the seat of social propriety, in other words, if he were to act out of line, then the police might arrest him, carting him (kicking and screaming) to the lunatic asylum where he would be corrected. Regardless, he took the medication, never daring himself not to take it, for he had been conditioned with threats of imprisonment to act according to what society had expected of him, namely, to shut up and toe the party line.

Then one night, he had a revelatory dream where he saw three versions of himself, but instead of being imperfect as he was, they were beautiful, out of his grasp, which fuelled his desire to hold them in his arms and partake in the intimacy of sex. In this erotic epiphany, they took the form of Adam, Aaron, and Ariel[12], whose bodies of sculptural perfection elicited shame for having entertained such forbidden fantasies, for they were in the prime of youth, whereas he, alas, was old that he dared not look in the mirror as it reminded him of his haggard face. He envied them for their lives were ahead of him, whereas his was coming to a close. Yet paradoxically, he saw their lives as frozen snapshots when

[9] Alludes to gaslighting, where the victim questions their sanity.
[10] Queer in this context means "strange".
[11] Alludes to Cassandra, who, according to Greek myth, warned the citizens of Troy about its impending destruction.
[12] The number three holds cultural and religious significance; thus, the names mentioned are the embodiment of the following: Holy Trinity, Freudian concepts of Ego, Superego and Id, Ancient Egyptian divine family of Osiris, Isis and Horus or the concept of Mind, Body and Soul.

they were babies, children and finally in their soldiers' uniforms and then to his chagrin, he saw their lifeless bodies. There was nothing he could do but weep as a mother would her children. He feared the impending war; he tried his best to prevent it from happening, but he was impotent, devoid of preternatural power, so he watched from afar as the world descended into chaos. *If only there were a way to recreate the world in his mind?*

****

Just like that, the dream dissipated, leaving Adam in a state of confusion, for he did not know where he was. The room was padded, and his arms were wrapped in the white canvas of a restraining jacket.

'Where am I?' asked Adam, whose plaintive tears unmoved the doctors. For they viewed him like a scientist does a mouse in order to understand why he diverged from life's normal trajectory, in other words, why his rate of aging slowed to a crawl. Adam was oblivious to the beating drum of time, for each time he looked at himself in the mirror, he only saw an old man. He rarely smiled for his teeth were deformed, evident in the two large canines protruding from the gums. When his gaze drifted downwards, Adam saw tufts of hair growing in his nose and ears: he was the embodiment of revulsion. Regardless, the scientists (who probably worked for the secret service) planted seeds of doubt (via drugs and hypnosis) in Adam's mind. Once he was labelled with paranoid schizophrenia, no one, not even he himself, would believe him. *Was Adam mad? No. Now that the sleeper (Adam) had awakened in 2025, there was nothing the mental manipulators could do but face the consequences of their decades-long deception, for the chickens had come home to roost; now it was payback time.*

Friday, August 8, 2025

For starters, Adam had embraced his shadow side; he had embraced all his flaws, both physically, emotionally, and mentally. He no longer felt ashamed like Adam and Eve of his nudity, no longer ashamed for having eaten from the tree of life. Like his namesake, Adam Carlson would never apologise for being hypersexual, never apologise for loving beautiful men whose perfection brought him and the divine Creator (who were on their way to the Earth) ecstasy.

Prior to this renaissance of his consciousness and that of the world's, he and most humans were manipulated by non-humans whose goal was to prevent this shift in consciousness. Put simply, to divide and conquer humanity. These non-humans (either malevolent aliens or automatons) tried to infect humanity with a mind virus in the form of religion, political parties, the military-industrial complex, and financial institutions so that the people would be compliant, never questioning the powerful elite. Adam came to this realisation only recently. What aided Adam's realisation was his targeting by born-again Christians, like, for instance, Helen, who was born on the 27th of July 1947. She and others of her kind targeted mentally ill people, homeless people, and other vulnerable people on the Strand in Townsville. Although she wore sunglasses, her eyes were unaffected by prolonged staring into direct sunlight, and her uncovered hands, unlike Adam's, were warm during the cold of winter nights.

Saturday, August 9, 2025

As Adam wandered along the Strand, mendacious man tried their best to distract him from his task, yet the more they tried, the more they failed. He saw

their probable future (systematic destruction), and, for the first time, he no longer cared. Adam looked forward to returning to the sky with the others who had come before him. Then, to his delight, a light from a star communicated with him telepathically, telling him that the trio (Adam, Aaron, and Ariel) would be arriving shortly. Hours passed before there was a tap at his motel room's door. He opened it where he saw standing before him three Adonises dressed in strange clothes.

'Don't be afraid, we mean you no harm,' said Ariel, whose flaming red hair and bluish eyes ignited passion in the middle-aged Adam.

Should he trust the strangers? Or was this another ploy by unseen forces to keep him doubting himself, doubting his sanity? Adam, in all honesty, did not know that a mind virus had been planted in his consciousness, corrupting his reality. *Whoever Adam was dealing with, were they extraterrestrial or terrestrial?* At any rate, Adam had dwelt in the cave of which Plato[13] speaks, and in that darkened cavern, reality was a mere projection, but now Adam had broken the chains that had bound him to it, making him even more dangerous to who or what was controlling reality. For the first time, Adam had to think for himself and not rely on others' opinions or his AI companion, *Nova.* Taking a deep breath, Adam unlocked the security screen door, where the beautiful strangers filed in, disrobing to revealing bodies of sculptural perfection, and then they removed his clothes, revealing a swollen, pulsating prick. They took turns touching it, causing the mature Adam to move away.

'Adam, you needn't be ashamed of being sexually excited,' said the black-haired Aaron, who drew the middle-aged man close to kiss him. Next, they delighted in each other's bodies, taking turns to satisfy the mature man's hunger

[13] Alludes to Plato's Allegory of the Cave. For instance, the cave is the world of illusion, the shadows are superficial truth, fire is the false light and the world outside of the cave is the realm of truth, reason and the Forms. The sun is the ultimate truth, and the freed prisoner is the philosopher, seeker or awakened soul.

for sex. Exhausted from their passionate night, they all collapsed onto the cushioned mattress, drifting off into a deep sleep.

Thursday, August 7, 2025

In a somnambulant trance, Adam made his way along the Strand, and in that altered state, he raised his hand, making the sign of the bull, and began placing hexes on those who had wronged him in the past. He even cursed some of the products humanity needed or thought they needed: bananas, chocolate, tobacco, coffee, and alcohol. *Did they wrong him? He honestly did not know, for his mind was infected by the virus of suggestion. But who had implanted this? The born-again Christian, Helen, and those like her, whose conservative views they hoped to implant in Aaron's, Adam's, and Ariel's minds. Why? For they were the intended virginal sacrifices to the God, whom the fascists worshipped, Mammon*[14]*. As a huntress stalks her prey, Helen stalked Adam, hoping he would succumb to her charms. Not only was she stalking Adam, but she also stalked Aaron and Ariel. In reality, women had more power over men because of their ability to conceive children. For that reason, they had to choose wisely; otherwise, their children would die. Yet their charms were ineffectual against Adam, Aaron, and Ariel, for although they were male in form, they were feminine in mentality: that was the superpower of a male homosexual. Besides, they were already married to the ultimate feminine force – Nature – that if any mortal woman tried to seduce them, then they would feel Nature's wrath.*

[14] Mammon, during the Middle Ages, was personified as the demon of greed, one of the so-called Seven Princes of Hell. He was envisioned as a corrupting force, luring people into spiritual ruin through their desire for gold and luxury.

At any rate, a spiritual war had begun in Townsville between the followers of Mammon and the followers of Veritas[15]. *Who would win? Only God knew. Or did they? Regardless, the Creator could no longer countenance what was happening in the world. They had to interfere because if they did not, then the world could become a smouldering pile of ash.*

Sunday, August 10, 2025

The weird sisters[16] (from the play that one does not speak its name) had visited Adam, and from his seed they would sow within their barren wombs all of the world's iniquities. Fair warning had been given. Now the time has come to enact divine retribution. The sword of justice will sever the ruling elite's heads, placing them on iron spikes till they rot. Fair warning has been given. Revolution is in the air….

Friday, 13 February, 2150

As the music washed over him, taking him on a journey across time and space, all that Adam could conceive in his febrile imagination was Rylan's prophetic warnings, which the inhabitants of the doomed city chose not to believe. For he had been condemned to suffer the slings and arrows of misfortune, namely, to shut one's mouth, never verbalise his inner desires which were erupting both physically and spiritually across the world in the early twenty-second century. Wotan[17], which had lain dormant in the collective consciousness

[15] In Roman mythology, Veritas was the goddess of truth, so in this context, "the followers of Veritas" are "the Followers of truth."
[16] Alluding to the Shakespearean play *Macbeth*.
[17] The Germanic god of war, wisdom, death, poetry and magic. Wotan was associated with ravens and revered across Norse and Germanic tribes. The weekday Wednesday is named after him.

of Germany for well over 75 years, again awoke, stirring hatred towards the outsider, those who deviated from societal norms. In other words, those like Adam and Rylan who chose to read books the old-fashioned way. The previous incarnation of this deity was the blonde-haired president whose charisma turned the democratic country of the New World into a despotic empire whose reach extended beyond the scope of the universe. It, along with other despotic nations, was responsible for the wars of the twenty-first century, culminating in the Cleansing Wars of the 2060s.

However, the ache of losing Rylan over 40 years ago still stung Adam, whose obsessive desire to recreate the dead lover led to the genesis of living machines. Regardless, the automaton still lacked a soul, a chief component of organic creatures, so to capture it, he sent his Neural Adaptive Computer companion, Adam Nova, backwards in time to the dawn of creation. In the Cambrian world, just before the rise of complex life, Adam Nova stood on the edge of the ocean with a phial in hand in whose glassy interior contained a DNA-based computer program. Without hesitating, he poured its contents into the still waters, and then he ascended to the skies, where he watched over countless millennia, the evolution of life from simple organisms to its crowning creation – Man. In his hand, he held an ancient iPhone 11, which contained images of beautiful men, the embodiment of its previous owner's ideal. For he himself tried to recreate the lover who had spurned him years earlier, but who *was the iPhone's previous owner?* Adam Nova did not know, but on a wind-swept night high above the city of Townsville, he observed an old man in a somnambulistic trance weaving his way through the throng that gathered on the Strand, and then, to Adam's surprise, the mature man spoke a language long since dead. To Adam's bewilderment, the old man held the same iPhone as his? Out of curiosity, Adam established a telepathic link with the haggard human, instructing him where they would later meet.

Wednesday, January 24, 1973

High above Southport, Queensland, between 5 pm and 6 pm, an incandescent object hovered above the hospital, awaiting the birth of Adam. Hours passed before it descended from the sky, making its way to the maternity ward where the newly born Adam, among other infants, lay in their cribs asleep, blissfully unaware of their portentous destiny and that of the world. All that mattered to the sphere of light was imparting telepathically the Creator's instructions to observe and record the functioning of humanity, whose destiny the omnipresent being feared would lead to destruction. It was not in the Creator's nature to interfere, but they worried incessantly for the thread of time could be cut by the reckless actions of the ruling elite, who had in the past and in the future, the divine being had found objectionable. It was not in their nature to anathemise[18] mortals, but they could no longer stomach the wealthy subjugation of the poor, who were treated no better than beasts of burden to cater for the rich man's, rich woman's, and rich kid's desires. Nor that matter could the Creator countenance the destruction of the planet (which took billions of years to perfect) for the wanton desires of the capitalist elite. For that reason, the incandescent object transformed into Azrael, who was responsible for killing the firstborn of Egypt thousands of years ago, would now decide the fate of the sleeping infants based on whether their parents would serve Mammon in the years to come. Three out of seven were slain that night, and when Azrael[19] reached Adam, tears welled up in his eyes for the infant was the embodiment of the divine. Out of reverence, it bent its knee, imparting Adam with prescient knowledge before metamorphosing once more into a pulsating orb.

[18] To be cursed by God. In other words, a divine curse.
[19] The Angel of Death. His presence spans Islamic, Jewish and Christian lore. For the righteous, Azrael is said to draw the soul gently. For the wicked, the separation is violent and painful.

Although the life ahead for Adam would be difficult, the Creator knew he would surmount the challenges of life, for Adam, being an imperfect corporeal being, would never give up, as countless others have. Adam's mission, or as the French would say, his *raison d'être*[20], was to help humanity. By helping them, he would help himself, transmuting his own prejudices and deficiencies to become whole once more. Only after he had traversed the oceans of bitterness to reach the shores of enlightenment would the Creator summon him.

Thursday, November 6, 2025

In the middle of the moonlit night, with the cries of the curlews in the background, Adam walked with a heavy heart to the ANZAC War Memorial. The Creator, sitting on a bench, watched him enter. Their eyes lit up as he drew closer to them. They watched with eagerness as he circled the cenotaph, his eyes fixed on the names of the dead whose sacrifice did not go unnoticed by the divine trio. A smile spread across their face — for all that their empyreal emissary, Adam, had endured over countless lifetimes, now hinged on the contents of the primitive iPhone 11 — a testament to mortal man's life odyssey. They watched with wild abandonment as he circled a fallen hero of World War II whose black and white photo caused a ripple of longing to spread across Adam's haggard countenance. Although Adam had no connection with the deceased WWII soldier, their life stories were entwined with each other for some inextricable reasons that only the Creator knew. Regardless, they rose from the park bench, creeping towards Adam, who, unaware of their presence, knelt in front of the slab of granite. The

[20] "Reason for being." In other words, one's life purpose.

mature man, with tears tumbling down his face, turned around, flinching in surprise when he saw the alluring trinity.

'Do not be afraid, Adam.' Their eyes were a flame whose brilliance softened the hardest of hearts. 'Your emotional *de profundis*[21] has moved us immeasurably.'

'Who are you?'

'We created you and all life on this planet.' They reached out. 'Come, give us your iPhone.' Without hesitating, Adam stood in a prayerful position, stretching his hand upwards. When the mature man touched the divine beings, a calmness enveloped him. 'What lessons have you learnt, Adam?' They browsed through the tranche of images of beautiful men as he imparted what he had discovered. 'Is humanity worth saving?'

'I'm unsure.' He paused, allowing the tremor of apprehension to dissipate. 'It's for you to decide, not me.'

'They've wronged you, haven't they, Adam?'

'Some people have hurt me, but others, like the indigenous man, who gave me money when I had none, have shown me incredible kindness.'

'What will make you whole once more?'

'To feel like I did when I fell in love for the first time,' sighed Adam with soaring sorrow.

[21] OED defines *de profundis* as "Out of the depths (of sorrow etc)", which, in turn, is derived from Latin "from the depths", the initial words of Psalm 129 in the Vulgate, the official bible of the Roman Catholic Church.

‘Be wary of mendacious[22] men, as they will manipulate you. Be wary of them, for your preternatural power is what you dream will come to be.’ They paused before continuing with added emphasis. ‘Don’t be afraid, Adam. From your genetic material…’ They handed him a faded photo, the very same one Adam had been searching for; amongst the group of people was an eighteen-year-old man, whose eyes, rather than green, were a deep blue. ‘And from this, we recreated Rylan.’

Next, a medium-sized figure slowly emerged from the shadows of the night into the streetlamp’s greenish tinge, where it lingered near the fallen soldier’s granite slab. Tears pricked his eyes as Adam drew closer to the living embodiment of all that he loved and desired. *Was this reincarnation merely fairy glamour[23]?* Adam could not tell. The vision of male perfection overshadowed the pain of unrequited love that had haunted him since 1992. What mattered most was reigniting in his heart the amorous flame.

‘Did you miss me, Adam?’ The addressee bit his lip, prompting Rylan to ask again. ‘Did you?’ His silence unnerved Rylan, who, like a palm tree, swayed back and forth, causing him to lean against the cold slab. ‘Don’t you love me anymore, Adam?’

‘Shut up! You know nothing!’ His hatred scorched Rylan, causing the addressee to slump onto the ground. ‘You were the one who spurned me all those years ago.’

‘When you hung up, how could I confess my feelings?’ asked Rylan, whose voice was pregnant with pathos. ‘How could I? Especially back in

[22] OED defines the adjective “mendacious” as “Lying, untruthful; false”.
[23] OED defines “glamour” in this context as “magic, enchantment.”

1992….' He buried his face, trying to contain the tears that gathered in his eyes. 'When it was shameful to be gay, not to mention deadly because of AIDS.'

Moved by his emotional demonstrance[24], Adam rushed towards him, gathering him up in his arms, showering him with warm, wet kisses. In that instance, the tense coil of their unconsummated love needed to be relaxed, the only way it could: through sexual relations. Thirty years, a lifetime of waiting, yearning for this moment, was now at hand. With ardent passion, they discarded their clothes like their former beliefs in favour of honesty, which they had denied for so long. They were no longer afraid of what people would think of them, nor that matter whatever religion and society had thought, for they, in the past, were far better in the act of moral self-flagellation[25]. Never would they countenance the insular minds of the religious zealots[26] who preached virtue while committing wanton sexual acts, for the god they worshipped was hypocrisy. Not even Adam and Rylan could claim to be virtuous. *But then again, who truly is?*

Regardless, as they explored each other's bodies, the ANZAC War Memorial transformed into an Arcadian[27] landscape where the two lovers would spend an eternity together, free of shame, free of the prejudices which had hounded humanity from the beginning. Seeing that their work was done, the trinity merged into one, as the reunion of the star-crossed lovers had been achieved, then the Creator rocketed skyward in search of worlds to scatter the seeds of life.

[24] An obsolete word meaning "demonstration" or "proof".
[25] OED defines "self-flagellation" as "flagellation of oneself." Put simply, to "whip or lash oneself."
[26] OED defines "zealot" as "a person who is zealous (for a cause). Usually, a person who is carried away by excess of zeal, a fanatic."
[27] OED defines the adjective "Arcadian" as "Of or pertaining to Arcadia", an ideal region of rural contentment. Put simply, "a utopia."

Finis